

PARTHENOPFEE,
ODJE 8.459

But She that should see my
tears. Swift scuddeth by
the high hills, And sees me
spisnt with long sighs, And
views my blubbered lean
face; Yet leaves me to the
forests^ Whose solitary
paths taught

My woes all comforts untaught.
These sorrows^ sighs, and salt
tears Fit solitary forests!
These outcries meet for deaf
hills! These tears, best fitting
this face ! This air, most meet
for these sighs!

Consume ! consume, with these
sighs ! Such sorrows, they to
die taught! Which "printed are
in thy face* Whose furrows
made with much tears! You
stony rocks! and high hills 1
You sandy shores ! and forests
I

Report my seas of salt tears !
You ! whom I nothing else
taught,
But groanings ! tears ! and sad sighs!



O D E i 2.

ONE night,, J did attend my Which
I, with watchful ward, did keep
For fear of wolves assaulting: For,
many times, they broke my sle^p, AM
would into the cottage creep,
Till I sent them- out, halting !